To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one: *Enter* Caſ.
He, when he heares of her, cannot refraine
From the exceſſe of laughter: here he comes:
As he ſhall ſmile, *Othello* ſhall goe mad,
And his vnbookiſh iealouſie muſt conſter
Poore *Caſsio's* ſmiles, geſtures, and light behauiour,
Quite in the wrong: How doe you now Leiutenant?
Caſ. The worſer that you giue me the addition,
Whoſe want euen kills me.
Iag. Ply *Deſdemona* well, and you are ſure on't.
Now, if this ſuite lay in *Bianca's* power,
How quickly ſhould you ſpeed.
Caſ. Alas poore catiue.
Oth. Looke how he laughes already.
Iag. I neuer knew a woman loue man ſo.
Caſ. Alas poore rogue, I thinke indeed ſhe loues me.
Oth. Now he denies it faintly, and laughes it out.
Iag. Doe you heare *Caſsio?*
Oth Now he importunes him to tell it on;
Goe to, well ſaide.
Iag She giues it out that you ſhall marry her,
Doe you intend it?
Caſ. Ha, ha, ha.
Oth. Doe you triumph Roman, doe you triumph?
Caſ. I marry her? what? a Cuſtomer;
I prethee beare ſome charity to my wit,
Doe not thinke it ſo vnwholeſome: ha, ha, ha.
Oth. So, ſo, ſo, ſo, they laugh that wins.
Iag. Why, the cry goes, that you ſhall marry her.
Caſ. Prethee ſay true.
Iag. I am a very villaine elſe.
Oth. Ha you ſcoar'd me? well.
Caſ. This is the monkies own giuing out; ſhe is perſwaded I will marry her, out of her own loue and flattery, not out of my promiſe.
Oth. *Iago* beckons me, now he bigins the ſtory.
Caſ. She was heere euen now, ſhe haunts me in euery place, I was tother day talking on the ſea banke with certaine *Venetians*, and thither comes this bauble, fals me thus about my necke.

Oth.

Oth. Crying, O deare *Caſsio*, as it were: his geſture
Caſ. So hangs, and iolls, and weepes vpon me; ſo ha
me, ha, ha, ha.
Oth. Now he tells how ſhe pluckt him to my Chamb
I ſee that noſe of yours, but not that dog I ſhall throw't to
Caſ. Well, I muſt leaue her company: *Enter*
Before me, looke where ſhe comes,
Tis ſuch another Fitchew; marry a perfum'd one: W
meane by this haunting of me?
Bian. Let the deuill and his dam haunt you: what di
by that ſame handkerchiefe you gaue mee euen now?
foole to take it; I muſt take out the worke, a likely piec
that you ſhould find it in your chamber, and not know
there: this is ſome minxes token, and I muſt take out
there, giue it the hobby horſe; whereſoeuer you had it, Ile
worke on't.
Caſ. How now my ſweet *Bianca*, how now, how now
Oth. By heauen that ſhould be my handkerchiefe.
Bia. An you'll come to ſupper to night, you may, an yo
come when you are next prepar'd for.
Iag. After her, after her.
Caſ. I muſt ſhee'l raile i'the ſtreet elſe.
Iag. You ſup there.
Caſ. Yes, I intend ſo.
Iag. Well, I may chance to ſee you, for I would very fa
with you.
Caſ. Prethe come, will you?
Iag Goe to ſay no more. *Exit* Caſſio.
Oth. How ſhall I murder him *Iago?*
Iag. Did you perceiue, how he laughed at his vice?
Oth. O *Iago.*
Iag And did you ſee the handkerchiefe?
Oth. Was that mine?
I would haue him nine yeres a killing; a fine woman, a faire
a ſweet woman.
Iag. Nay, you muſt forget that.
Oth. And let her rot, and periſh, and be damb'd to night
ſhall not liue; no, my heart is turn'd to a ſtone; I ſtrike it, an